

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

---

---

SEPTEMBER 19, 1936

## NEXT WEEK

INFORMATION ON PREVENTION was one of the purposes apparently underlying an article by Clarence C. Little, President of the American Birth Control League, in the current *Scribner's*. So much misinformation about the Catholic attitude on this matter was gratuitously offered by this "foremost" biologist that some very definite pronouncements had to be made. The exact position, this day and this year, of the Catholic Church, in terms that even Dr. Little could understand, is stated by WILLIAM J. BENN.

LEONARD FEENEY finds in the recent orgy of *Knock-Knocks* whatever reason may be necessary for him to write a pungent treatise on the subject of humor. He becomes almost serious, at times; in fact, a militant thruster in *How Good Is A Pun?*

OLD MR. WILTBYE likes to give the impression that he is laden with the wisdom of the ages. But John Wiltbye is wise in his youthfulness. He is concerned about *SCHOOLS AND COMMUNISM*.

LABOR AND ITS PROBLEMS, some of them, will be the subject of a keen-thinking paper by PAUL L. BLAKELY.

COLUMBUS CIRCLE is almost as well known as Hyde Park as the shouting ground for Socialist, Communist and atheist. It has been invaded by the Catholic Evidence Guild, and a report of what has happened since June 5 is submitted to the public by the President, the author of *Broadcasting Your Talk*, O'BRIEN ATKINSON.

## THIS WEEK

COMMENT ..... 554

### GENERAL ARTICLES

Thomas Hughes, Seventy Years a Jesuit  
Gilbert J. Garraghan 556  
Our World Is Breaking Up.....W. J. Hillenbrand 557  
Our Church Is as Modern as Any...Doran Hurley 559  
The Catholic School—What It Does for the State  
Paul L. Blakely 561

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF ..... The Pilgrim 563

EDITORIALS ..... 564

Anarchy in Spain.....Euthanasia.....Campaign  
"Expenses".....Mr. Lewis and His Friends.....  
Snarled Departments....Young Father Kenny....  
The Love of Christ.

CHRONICLE ..... 567

CORRESPONDENCE ..... 569

### LITERATURE AND ARTS

Mental Levels in Literary Criticism  
Benedict Fitzpatrick 570

POETRY ..... 572

Glimpses .....William Donaghy  
Wild Orchid .....Norbert Engels  
Night Shift .....J. H. McCabe  
Talitha Cumi .....Alfred Barrett  
Hospice .....LeGarde S. Doughty

BOOKS ..... 573

Mohammed .....Essad Bey  
Some Problems of the Old Testament  
J. E. Steinmuller  
Young Love .....John Erskine

THEATER ..... Elizabeth Jordan 575

FILMS ..... Thomas J. Fitzmorris 576

EVENTS ..... The Parader 576

---

---

Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,  
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN.

Business Manager: FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE.

Editorial Office: 329 WEST 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA, Published weekly by The America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., September 19, 1936, Vol. LV, No. 24. Whole No. 1406. Telephone MEDallion 3-3082. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Europe, \$5.00. Entered as second class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# COMMENT

---

ALTHOUGH financial assistance is desperately needed for the educational, social and religious amelioration of the Mexican Catholics, a prime need is that of the establishment of a seminary for the training of the future Mexican priests. Tomorrow, in the greater number of the dioceses of the United States a collection will be taken up in all the churches for this end. The Committee of Bishops, of which Bishop Gannon, of Erie, Pa., is chairman, has issued a circular letter to all the members of the Hierarchy of the United States, asking for generous cooperation. "Catholic schools, Catholic colleges and Catholic seminaries are confiscated and prohibited in Mexico," the Bishops' statement asserts. "In their desperate need," it continues, "the Hierarchy of Mexico appealed to their fellow Bishops in the United States to aid them in the education of their young seminarians for the holy priesthood." The Mexican Bishops will contribute as much as is possible for them to the establishment and maintenance of the Seminary. But they are unable to provide for their young aspirants, and the American Bishops have undertaken to secure property in the United States and to seek funds for the building, maintenance and other expenses. This is but one of Mexico's needs and Mexico's aspirations. But it is assuredly one of the direst and the noblest.

- - -

AMERICA offers hearty congratulations to the Very Rev. Dr. John J. Burke, C.S.P., General Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. At the personal request of Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, the Holy Father graciously raised Dr. Burke to the rank of Domestic Prelate. Graduated from the College of St. Francis Xavier in 1896, the young man of twenty-one ambitioned the priesthood and entered the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle. He completed his studies with the conferring of the degrees of Bachelor and Licentiate of Sacred Theology at the Catholic University, Washington. He was appointed Editor of the *Catholic World* in 1904, and carried that important responsibility till 1922. Meanwhile, he was chosen President of the National Catholic War Council at its origin, and became General Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference when that was founded. His organization of this far-reaching apostolate has been complete and his direction progressive through all the years since. Appreciation of his work was graciously shown in 1927 when he was granted, *honoris causa*, the Doctorate of Sacred Theology by the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities. His latest honor carries an added distinction in that he is the first American Religious to be made a Monsignor.

THERE are many factions at strife in Spain today but only two sides and only one issue. The lines are clearly drawn, Communists against non-Communists. It is a division of action, not of theory. There is no time for theory. In the ranks of the non-Communists are Monarchists, Carlists, Conservatives, Fascists, Catholics. Politically, and in many cases religiously, too, poles apart, they have been made one by a common desire to rid their country of the domination of Communism. Actually, not theoretically, they have experienced Communism in the saddle. Actually, they have learned that under Communism there is no personal liberty, no freedom of worship, no safeguards for the individual and his rights, and they have decided that Communism must go. So bloody, so despotic had become the rule of the Communists that their enemies were driven to the last resort of an appeal to arms. Theoretically the Spanish Catholic might sit in the ashes of his churches and commune with his philosophic soul: "My priests are gone, dead, maimed, exiled. My schools are closed. All that I love of Spain and Spanish tradition is being wiped out in blood. It is a crime for me to want my children to grow up as Catholics. For merely being a Catholic myself, I may confidently look forward to a violent end. And yet I may have reason to distrust these Insurgents who are fighting to drive out the men who hate my country and my religion. If the Insurgents win, there may be the menace of Fascism, and all Fascists may not be fair to the Church. After all, maybe I should just sit here and wait to be shot." Theoretically, too, a man may allow himself to be gored by a mad bull rather than jump the fence and run the risk of being hit by a speeding car on a nearby road. In the actuality, however, Catholics in Spain have thrown in their armed lot with the Insurgents against Communism, leaving to the future the possible menaces of the future.

- - -

MUCH was heard of atrocities during the World War. Post-war investigation showed that many of the German atrocities were hatched in the fertile brains of the Allies, passed on to their countrymen and propagandized in the United States to win sympathy for the Allies. What horrible tales of mangled babies and mothers in Belgium! The same note of righteous indignation is strikingly absent from our papers in regard to the atrocities in Spain, concerning the occurrence of which there cannot be a shadow of doubt. But it is war, civil and worse, religious, one may say, and in such wars passions run wild. War up to this had preserved some of the proprieties. True, too often combatants have slain captured prisoners who surrendered. But to slay non-combatants, to enter homes of Religious and torture and slay the peaceable inmates, to kill



priests and Bishops, non-combatants, to dig up the dead, heap indignities on the corpses and burn them; is this war even among the savages? "I saw this morning the bodies of two priests *crucified*. They were only a few yards from us, within the lines of the Loyalist militia in the village of Pina. . . One body was crucified upright. The other was crucified head downward. . . We passed a village so small that it is nameless on my field maps. Eleven villagers, men, women and children, lay dead against the wall of a church. Each had been shot in the back." That is the story told by a representative of the United Press. No wonder the Insurgent leader remarked to the correspondent: "These Red savages are doing their best to intimidate us but they can only rouse my men to anger. . . Among their dead we have found convicts from Barcelona prisons and the worst elements of the Barcelona slums—pickpockets, white slavers. These people prey upon the countryside, pillaging, raping, killing anyone with property." How is it our organs of public opinion are so silent today, when we recall the vociferous appeals made in the World War?

SEATTLE'S newspaper strike, begun August 13, has attracted the nation's attention and may prove highly significant. The strike started when two members of the staff were dismissed—for incompetence, the newspaper people alleged, for their activities in the National Newspaper Guild, the strikers more plausibly alleged. It did not seem that the dismissal of two and the walk-out of twenty-four in a total of eight-hundred would promise a protracted fight. Yet immediately quite a number of factors entered. The newspaper roundly condemned the Mayor, strongly supported by labor in his last election, for not providing protection for those who wished to work. It failed to take part in a meeting of the parties summoned by the Mayor, to which the members of the Newspaper Guild acquiesced. The lumbermen and the transport-union members were most active in picketing the newspaper building. The question has now been made the center around which the national and state elections revolve in western Washington. The matter has been referred to the National Labor Regional Council. Radical leaders among labor forces have prominently identified themselves with the fight and one gets the impression that more than a mere strike in a newspaper was the aim of the leaders behind the scenes. A radical paper with decided leanings to, and connection with, Communism, is promised in place of the suspended daily. We assert for labor in Seattle as elsewhere its just rights. Nevertheless, much that appears in the news from Seattle and more that is kept under cover seem to justify the fears of many that Communism is entering its first wedge in the Northwest. The new policy of Moscow in allying its forces with any malcontents should make all more wary.

BLUNT and moving language marked the address of Secretary of State Hull speaking at the Inter-

national Power Conference in Washington, D. C., and pointing out to the 3000 delegates from fifty nations the present grave menace of war. The Secretary not only saw the world "torn by dangerous ambitions and conflicting philosophies," and threatened, should war come, with "a veritable inferno," but mourned in many of the world's responsible and influential statesmen lack of appreciation of the holocaust whither the present warlike tendencies lead. The duty of maintaining peace, Mr. Hull placed upon governments, but more upon "the thinking people of each land." While the American Secretary was thus endeavoring to throw the weight of public opinion in his own country against war, abroad the scramble for armaments and more armaments grew frenzied. Two vast European armies at the moment were grimly conducting maneuvers. In France the Ministerial Council threw to the winds all financial caution to answer Hitler's new conscription decree with huge and well-nigh desperate increases of French military forces on land and sea and in the air. At Geneva, meanwhile, a League of Nations, under some influences that should be suspected, continued tabulating plans for its own reform.

THAT Communism cuts across the world after a class struggle rather than along national lines is made more apparent daily. Communists in France and Spain have followed the new strategy of the Comintern Congress of 1935 and united with other parties of the Left to insure a Popular Front Government. This change of plans on the part of the Third International, which has not before cooperated with Socialists is a sign of its international character on the one hand and of its sacrificing the propagation of its own doctrines to defeat Fascism on the other. Spain is not a tragedy but a portent. It is a contest of Communism for the mastery of Europe.

STRIKING revelations of the new method of Moscow strategy are laid open to view. Communists in Europe have been instructed that the word *Communism* is not to be used but that the doctrines are to be propagated under the mantles of patriotism and labor. The seed has been sown this way in Spain and France through the Popular-Front Governments of these countries. Their activities in Spain may have been a little too hasty for those who pull the strings at home, as they undoubtedly would have preferred a longer period of preparation. Spain, with its bloody pogroms, its inhuman brutality and unmentionable excesses, which when fully known will surpass any in the world's history, is still another answer to the academic and journalistic apologists of Soviet Russia. Under such conditions labor organizations in our own country are under a serious obligation to purge their membership of a radical element which may in a short time reenact with us what we have witnessed in Spain and Mexico. The disunion within labor ranks can serve the purposes of the Third International.

# THOMAS HUGHES SEVENTY YEARS A JESUIT

Historian of his Order in North America

GILBERT J. GARRAGHAN, S.J.

---

---

---

DISTINGUISHED as the historian of the Society of Jesus in North America, Rev. Thomas Hughes, in his eighty-seventh year of life, rounded out his seventieth year as a Jesuit on September 8. These seven decades circumscribe a career of widely recognized eminence in the field of historical research and authorship.

In the early 'nineties, through the wish of Father Luis Martin, twenty-fourth General of the Society of Jesus, there was projected a series of critical and rigorously documented histories of the Assistencies, or regional units, of the Society. Father Hughes was one of the members commissioned to take the noteworthy enterprise in hand. The division of the field assigned to him was North America, exclusive of the Spanish parts. A great range of archival depositories, Jesuit and non-Jesuit, both in Europe and America, including those of the Vatican and the Propaganda, was personally ransacked by him in the preliminary processes of research, the result being the assembling of a rich fund of unpublished documentary material of the first importance.

Scholarly investigation, critical appraisal of materials, and the labor of composition issued at length in the publication of an impressive series of four volumes, two of narrative and two of documents—what the French are pleased to call *pièces justificatives*. The first volume of the series, which bore the general title: *A History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal*, appeared in 1907, and the last in 1917. The two volumes of documents are of especial merit, having been prepared on the ingenious plan for the critical editing and publication of texts proposed by a Frankfort International Congress of historians.

Of the net value of the contribution which Father Hughes has made to the historiography of his subject, there has been no serious difference of opinion among those competent to judge. One may disagree, some have emphatically disagreed, with his estimates and interpretations of some of the men and things that fill out the crowded canvas of his imposing work; but it is difficult not to recognize the critical temper, the austere scientific method, the fullness of accurate and scholarly detail that feature its composition.

In the wealth of previously unknown factual data

which it embodies will be found its primary and most striking excellence. No production of similar scope has advanced in any comparable degree our knowledge of early Maryland history. No one took more definite issue with Father Hughes' position on the palpably controversial matters which it fell to his lot to discuss than Bernard Steiner, acknowledged authority on Maryland beginnings. Yet this same authority was at pains to point out that for the origins of the great Commonwealth associated with the birth of religious liberty in the United States, Father Hughes' volumes remain a copious and indispensable source of information. Recognition of their scholarly character came from a worthwhile quarter when on the appearance of Father Hughes' first volume, Columbia University, New York, awarded it the second Loubat prize, the first going to Osgood's well-known work on the American colonies.

Father Hughes' seventy years of Jesuit life have been years of study and scholarship as instruments of the Christian apostolate, all compact. English-born, he came by his earliest academic training on English soil. At St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, and Stonyhurst, he made an excellent start in building up the distinctly classical background of culture that was to make itself felt in all his literary output. At Roehampton, in the environs of London, where he had enlisted in the Society of Jesus, came a turning-point in his career with the appearance there in 1867 of Father Ferdinand Coosemans, Provincial of the Jesuits of the American Middle West, in eager search at the time for volunteer recruits for his sadly understaffed jurisdiction. Thomas Hughes responded to the call which brought him overseas in Father Coosemans' company to the trans-Mississippi West.

Ordination followed divinity studies and then came busy years of teaching and writing with products of note to the credit of his facile pen. He furnished the definitions of Catholic terms to the first edition of the Standard Dictionary, and in 1892 put out an authoritative volume on *Loyola and the Jesuit Educational System* in the *Great Educators Series* issued by Scribner's. At much later dates he published two works of essays: *Talks on Truth* and *The Plurality of Worlds*. In 1894 he was summoned



to Europe, as told above, to do the volumes on America in General Luis Martin's large-scale historical project. This was to be the major concern of his lengthy literary career; this was in fine to be his life-work.

During practically his entire career as an official historian of the Society of Jesus Father Hughes has resided in Rome. There, at present writing, he has quarters in the massive and historic pile once the Professed House of the Gesu, within the walls of which every Jesuit General from Claudius Acquaviva to Peter Beckx lived and administered the Society.

For the rest, Father Thomas Hughes at eighty-seven still carries on with health substantially unimpaired and with faculties alert enough for tasks of research and authorship. He is a pleasant sight, and a heartening one, to behold in these parlous and topsy-turvy days when so much occurs about one to discourage and depress. What better sentiment can there be but one of cordial thanksgiving to the Lord, Who has wrought all these good things in His devoted servant. Nor will a prayer be withheld that the blessing of heaven may continue to abide in fullness with this great scholar-priest to the end.

# OUR WORLD IS BREAKING UP

## Do we therefore need a Catholic party?

M. J. HILLENBRAND

---

---

---

PLATITUDE has molded our thought so long that the entire case against a Catholic party—with what might be some telling arguments overlooked—has degenerated into conceiving religion as oil and politics as water, or vice versa, and letting it go at that. I can visualize the hoisted eyebrows, the huffings and heyings which a title like the above will inevitably provoke; for, is not anathema number one of the American tradition tossed at the heretic who wants to “mix religion with politics?”

But why don't the two mix? If they do, need they mix today? If we believe that our own depression, the world economic, social and political chaos, are merely passing phenomena which as usual we shall somehow muddle through, then they need not mix. But if our times are saturated with portent, if the outcome of world and national crisis spells the future of western civilization, of the entire social and economic order, then I contend that the formation of a Catholic party in the United States constitutes a vital imperative in the meeting of that crisis.

Now I suppose there exist a good many optimists who feel in their bones that communism will commit suicide, that disparity of wealth and income will automatically adjust itself, that the millions of European anti-Catholic workers who were once Catholic will find conversion en masse; but I doubt if bone-feeling will gainsay fact.

The fact is simply and sadly this: throughout the

world a menacing dichotomy molds contemporary history, one which puts class against class, communist against capitalist, worker against owner; the conflict absorbs energy, creates tensions, explodes, in Spain today, in China yesterday, in Russia the day before. Our own country is neither invulnerable nor untouched by the struggle, and the seethings of one year may become the upheaval of the next.

For the issue of our time is narrowing down toward the erasure of all unessential and sentimental divisions. As Jacques Maritain and other thinking men in England and on the continent have emphasized, the ultimate fight lies between a materialistic and spiritualistic interpretation of the universe and life, between the Church and the world.

All of which may appear far away from the sphere of politics, showing that appearances are deceiving—and are probably what have deceived Catholics into the general lethargy in which we now doze. Revolution-torn Spain is giving headaches to our editors trying to explain how a supposedly Catholic country can be split into half on the issue of Catholicism, among other things.

Why? The ready answer which does not really answer anything is propaganda. That is what snares all those working-class apostates, insidious, lying propaganda! Two deductions follow: either the Church has been asleep or woefully inadequate

with its counter-propaganda, or else the Communists have an ace in the hole which overpowers every other consideration for the proletarian. And the ace which skilled propagandists have been playing right and left to harvest all the jackpots of class opinion is that the Church is obtuse to social conditions, blind, irresponsible, anachronistic, often defender of the oppressors and exploiters. So materialism drains the numbers of Christians.

And here the "encycliclist" springs to the breach: "Admitted everything you have said, but that still doesn't prove we need a Catholic party. Haven't we got those marvelous Encyclicals of Pope Leo and Pope Pius, which, if conscientiously applied will solve all our earthly problems?" The argumentative trap is sprung, for the timeworn charge against Catholics is precisely not practising what we preach, overquoting the Encyclicals but not doing very much about it.

Communists who think, and there are a few that go beyond mere feeling, will admit that if the Encyclicals were applied, if charity and justice would fill the hearts of men, conditions might improve. But they will continue: "Your Church is implicitly reared on the exigency that man will always be man on this earth, possessing all his foibles and weaknesses, his sins and errors; and yet the only solution you offer is based on an impossible reform of mankind. The proletarian needs and wants something that faces the facts, not merely wishes; he wants a system which takes man as he is and builds the best possible house for him."

He thinks he has us there, and sad to say, as things now are, he has. At least the millions of apostate workers think so. To them Communism is better than communion, because it is getting tangible results in labor agitation and organization among other objectives.

Here in the United States the movement is not so far advanced, not that it cannot go farther. It is not too late to found the Catholic party, which, organized in Spain and actually practising what it preached, could have reformed the social evils and averted the shambles of today. It would synthesize, stand as a symbol of, a real Catholic movement toward a better life on earth. It would prove that Catholics have a definite point of view, and that a *reform* view. For if it may seem paradoxical that an institution branded for dogmatism can be accused of not being dogmatical enough, it is merely part of a picture showing a world which has repudiated dogma, becoming more and more dogmatic about two or three alternate economic dogmas. Catholics can no longer be neutrals.

The Communist, besides being a materialist, is also definitely a Communist in politics. The Catholic, besides being a spiritualist, is definitely neither a Democrat, a Republican or a Farmer-Laborite.

A Catholic party would convince the worker that the Church is not the pawn of wealth and the so-called vested interests, insisting on property rights merely for the sake of those who own property. By electing congressmen pledged to its principles, it could drive through necessary legislation, which neither extant party is liable even to advocate,

based as both are on principles, which in the recent words of M. R. Madden "deny the implications of the fundamental dogmas of the Incarnation and Redemption." And incidentally, in this country where so many of the working class already profess no faith but indifference, it might indirectly, through interest in its political and social doctrines, lead to heightened interest in the Church as a spiritual entity.

Putting the Pope in the White House is a rather bedraggled catch-phrase today, but many "keep religion out of politics" Catholics feel that its force can easily be rejuvenated. Why, a *Catholic* party?

Now just what inexorable physiological law boils American blood at the thought of a Catholic régime in Washington is not yet induced. I do not believe any exists. Sixty years ago, Germany's new Center party struck no welcome chord with Bismarck and his Protestant majority of two to one. But it prospered till a certain hide-boundedness and unpreventable upheaval in Germany dissolved it.

Though Catholic Action in this country has been mainly Catholic talk about Catholic action, such a political party would obviously *not* constitute a formal part of "the cooperation of the laity in the apostolic work of the hierarchy."

The Church never, never need link Herself as such to an earthly organization, but through party members working under the name of Catholic, attempting to apply the principles of Catholic philosophy to social and economic legislation, she would become dissociated from the popular concept of Her as defender of the *status quo* and opponent of all reform.

Just as obviously, not every Catholic need be a party member, just as not every party member need be a Catholic. In fact the party might hook intellectuals who by social gravitation were sliding into Communism. It would certainly attract workers with the same tendency, and it might make innumerable worker converts from the 'isms.

One last point which after all is a most important point: will we get such a party in the United States? Very likely not. In painful imitation of the world in general, modern Catholicism has acquired the pernicious habit of acting too late, and anything but very early in this matter is too late. The individual Catholic's complacency with the prospect of inaction depends on how critical he believes our time to be, how urgent the necessity for organization. In any case, the Church is in danger of losing ground among the workers of our country, most of whom should be theoretically Catholic as coming of Catholic stock. And if the need be as urgent as I think it is, perhaps the gloomy talk of Maritain about hideouts and places of refuge for the remaining Faithful from the coming persecution in Europe and the world, may become gloomier reality.

Our world is breaking up. The United States is part of the world, whether Mr. Hearst says so or not; and I for one, as a Catholic, would like to continue being part of that world in the new order. A Catholic party may not be a cure-all, but at least it will cure some—and that is a good deal better than curing nothing at all.



# OUR CHURCH IS MODERN AS ANY

Remembrances of the times of the old pastor

DORAN HURLEY

---

---

---

OUR new pastor, everyone agrees, is a born executive. He has a great business head on him, and he has done wonders for the parish, in the ten years he has been with us. The church is all fixed over, new altars, new pews, new stations; and we have a grand parish school now on the backlot behind the rectory where the boys used to play ball and the old men pitch horseshoes. Will I ever forget the evening the old pastor stopped on his way over to the church to "hear" for First Friday and scored three ringers against Charlie O'Toole, the Holy Name champion.

The new pastor is a crackerjack, up to the minute in everything. We have a boys' choir now, too, at the High, sitting up in high pews at either side of the altar singing the same chants they tell me they have over in Rome. Yes, and the new pastor is giving a series of instructions every Tuesday night in what they call the seminar room of the new school on the proper use of the Missal. We are up with the best of them, as modern as any.

It was only last Sunday at the Nine, young Father McCabe—Pat McCabe's son is our curate, Pat that used to sing the requiems along with Aggie Kelly—announced from the altar that he was going to start a new lecture course on Modern Catholic Writers. I listened carefully, but I could not be sure I had the names right. Belloc, Maritain, Undset, Knox were some of them. The others I could not quite get. Since the new pastor had the public address system put in, every one of the priest talks so low that with the echo and the roaring they are anything but plain. In the old days, a good Mission Father speaking from the steps of the altar could be heard as far as the rectory, once he got into the swing of it.

I was sorry, too, Sunday, for I remember well the lecture course the old pastor gave one year. On Catholic writers, too. It was a fine thing. You could not get next to near the hall once the word got around. They came from all over. Every parish in the city was well represented. Every parish in the city, including the Hibernians, was what Pat McCabe said at the time. He was a great wag, but his son is very serious-minded. I was quite taken with the announcement Sunday, but I was sorry not to hear the other names. Not one of those I heard

meant anything to me. It is the new order of things, I suppose. It was my luck to sit between Constance Casey and old Teresa Mahoney, and both of them sniffing every time my beads rattled against the seat back in front of me. I never cared to do as some do, crouch back on their haunches, their beads in their lap. But I thought, with the way they rustled the pages of their Missals, five leaps behind the priest all the time, and kept throwing out the colored ribbons all through Mass, I was not the only one causing distraction. And I do like to form the words of my prayers, not just think them.

No matter. As I was saying, those were some great writers the old pastor told us about. John Boyle O'Reilly was one; James Jeffrey Roche was another. There was Canon Sheehan and Father Tabb and Maurice Francis Egan, and Pat Guiney's daughter—he was colonel one time in the Irish Ninth, my father served under him at Chancellorsville. Louise, I think, was her name. I rarely hear tell of any of them now. I suppose they are out of date, but I do not like to think they are forgotten. Good Americans they were, everyone of them; and they did a lot for the Church at a time when it was not so easy. Of course, Canon Sheehan was not American; but he was the next thing to it. What is it they used to say: one of the Sheehans that missed the boat.

I like the new ways. I like to keep up with the times. It did my heart good really, Sunday, for all I may talk, to see Teresa Mahoney deep in her Missal, reading away for dear life, instead of bobbing her head around to see who had a new hat. Yes, and I like the sound of the little fellows singing the real Mass music. Not that they could hold a candle to Pat McCabe and Aggie Kelly singing the *Dies Irae* at a Requiem. You would go far and seek well before you would find that. Indeed, I ever looked forward to hearing the two of them singing it at my own.

I suppose that is why, having known the best, I wish the new pastor, right as I know he is, had not changed everything so all of a sudden. If he had put the little boys in for the High and kept the old choir for the Nine, say. To tell you the truth, I miss the hymns, the *Adoro Te* that Aggie used to sing in a way that was like the angels, and the *Salve Regina*,

the one that Pat McCabe was so mortally good in.

But now we do not even have one of them after Mass. The professor lets loose on the organ for a processional and we all file out, save those making their Thanksgiving. But I cannot say my Thanksgiving with the organ pounding away like Pat Gilmore's band. I cannot do it. It is then I long for the old choir, and the hymn after Mass.

Naturally, we have to move with the times and after the sermon on the Liturgy the new pastor gave at all the Masses last year, I can see that we were very far behind. It was a makeshift way of doing things we had. But I wish he had not rushed ahead so fast. It was not a bad parish. The old pastor, of course, was no executive; but you could not help but love him. We thought a lot of the old pastor. Do not misunderstand me, we are behind the new pastor to a man. Of course. We realize he is new, you see. But I did feel badly about the statues. It was a shock to me that first Sunday to come in to the church and see them gone.

We have fine, beautiful paintings now over the Blessed Virgin's and St. Joseph's altars that cost a mint of money. The Clancy girls gave them in memory of their father and mother, and they are handpaintings. They were done by an artist. Oh, they are beautiful. But I miss the old statue of Saint Mary. I miss all the statues, for we have none at all now, not one. He even took out the fine, big one of Saint Patrick that the Father Mathew Society gave the old pastor on his silver jubilee. It may not have been art, but it was a beautiful thing.

I missed Saint Mary's statue this year when we had the May procession. It did not seem right without the real crowning. I used to make a point of going to hear the little girls singing as they marched, all decked out in their First Communion veils and wreaths of smilax, the little voices piping up, *O Mary, we crown thee with blossoms today*, and Aggie Kelly up in the choir loft to help them out if they got frightened. Only the choir boys and the altar boys and the clergy marched this year and the little Sullivan girl came up from a front pew to put a bouquet on the altar, while the boys sang *Ave Maria*. It was very impressive and correct, I have no doubt; but I liked the old way.

Yes, we are as correct as any now. I heard Constance Casey telling the Clancy girls coming out of Mass that that is so. She should know, for after she got through with the Sisters here, Mike Casey sent her on to a convent in New York and to Paris for a year after that. More by the same token, I saw by the parish *Bulletin* last Sunday that Mike gave fifty dollars in the last monthly collection.

We have a *Bulletin*, a paper, now, every month, which is something we never had before. It is a nice little book and you could find good reading in it if you could tear yourself away from the list of those that gave to the monthly collection, and how much. We have the budget system now in our parish. We put our seat money and the collection money in separate envelopes before we leave the house and drop them in a box in the vestibule. It is a bother, in a way, for you always have to take pains to write your name so clearly on the collection envelope.

Half the time there is not a pen in the house that will write. And pencil rubs off.

It all comes out in the *Bulletin*; and, as I say, it makes great reading that Sunday. The old way, the old pastor or the curate came around with the box, and he would always look the other way as you dropped in your quarter or what. Indeed, if you were not working and he saw you, he would push the box past you and go by before you could drop anything in, even if you had the nickel handy and ready. The time we had the big strike, he cut out the collection for a whole month, until we went around to the rectory and asked him about it. Little as we had, we wanted to do our share. He was a lovely good man; but, of course, he was no executive. I thought of him, Sunday week when the *Bulletin* came out. Fifty cents between them was all that was down opposite the Grady sisters' names. That would be Ella and Maggie, who fixed the altar for years. Ella had charge of the junior choir. The old pastor thought the world of them. They were great workers for the parish. Of course, all they have now is what they get from the State in the old age pension. They must be well over seventy, the two of them. But they gave when they had it—and not only money. They fairly lived for the parish. I felt bad to see their names that way, only fifty cents between them. Still Constance Casey gave ten dollars so I really suppose that made up for them.

It's a great parish now. I often wish that the old pastor could have lived to see how modern we are. He would have loved to have seen the new school. He was all in all for the children. He could hardly get to the rectory after the children's Mass the way they'd flock around him. His eyes would shine if he could see the new school and how the church is fixed up and all that. It is wonderful, what the new man has done.

Sometimes—not that I ever missed being in my regular place at the Nine in my own church—I like to go to the High, afterwards, down at the Polish. Aggie Kelly is organist there now, and she sometimes gets Pat McCabe in to sing with her. Of course they are very old-fashioned down there, very out of date. They have more statues than you could shake a stick at, all in very bad taste, although there is one of the Blessed Virgin that I rather like. The shawl is just the right color blue and the rosary rich gold. I was down there the Sunday before last St. Patrick's Day. The word must have got round for the church was crowded, and not with the Polish either. The poor old priest was crying as he went around with the box. It was many a day since he had seen so much green. I, myself, gave him a dollar. Why not? Before Mass began, Aggie Kelly gave a concert on the organ that you would pay twice that to hear in a hall. And when the priest left the altar and Mass was over, Polish and all we stayed in our seats. The priest, himself, came back in his cassock to hear her. The way she sang *Hail Glorious Apostle* that day would bring tears to your eyes. I thought of it all through the lecture the new pastor gave that night, over at the school, on *The Evil Influence of Yeats and Synge on Irish Drama*.



# THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL— WHAT IT DOES FOR THE STATE

A system that costs billions may be worthless

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

---

---

---

ONE night many years ago, a gentleman standing at the corner of Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street, New York, offered to sell me a machine which looked like a pocket edition of a clothes-wringer. You put a piece of paper, any sort, even a scrap torn from a newspaper, between the rollers, he explained, gently but firmly pushing me into a dark recess of the old Tammany Hall building, which at that very moment, it is probable, housed the Sachems as they toiled far into the night for the common welfare. Then you turned the crank, slowly, with even pressure, and as a reward for your labor, a new one-dollar bill would emerge.

As a special favor to me he would engage, he said, to do battle with his avaricious nature, and let me have the marvellous little machine for the small sum of \$5.00. No doubt he was forced to this sacrifice by his total inability to collect any bit of paper, any kind, even scraps torn from a Hearst newspaper. His state was that of a man who lived in the age before paper had been invented.

To be frank, I strongly suspected that this marvellous little machine, to quote a phrase frequently used by this gentleman (who addressed me in friendly fashion as "Bud") was in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, Article I, Section 8, paragraph 5, which vests in Congress the exclusive right to coin money and to regulate the value thereof. Father Coughlin had not arisen in those days to impress that truth on us; what came to my mind was a vague yet inhibitory recollection of 1787. Nor did the manner of sale appear to be in conformity with the ordinances which govern the vending of merchandise on the streets of the city of New York.

I did not close with the offer. While I was pondering the legal aspects of the matter, a policeman came out of a near-by saloon (in that neighborhood, a saloon was necessarily near by) and my beneficent merchant, almost as I looked upon his stubbled visage, was swallowed up into the night. (It was the first illustration I had met of the velocity with which a jin can get back into a bottle.) In any case, I did not have \$5.00, and I knew that should I need a machine of that kind in my future career, I could always purchase one in the open market for fifty cents.

As I lost this entertaining rogue, and walked away in friendly converse with the policeman, I knew that I had a parable. But I forgot all about it, until it was recalled a few days ago by a press-release from the Office of Education at Washington. On reading the release, I once more felt that what commonly passes for public primary and secondary education in this country is very like that marvellous little machine I saw long ago on Fourteenth Street. We put children, any sort of children, all kinds of children, into the schools, and we turn the crank, slowly, hopefully, with even pressure. As the reward of our labor, we expect to get something better than what we put in.

Unfortunately, the parallel is not accurate. With the marvellous little machine, your disillusionment is complete in two seconds after trial. With the school, you wait in hope for twelve years before disillusionment dawns, and then it is too late to try another method. "One usually gets what one pays for," the Office of Education assures me. I wonder if we do. Is what we get from our primary and secondary schools worth what we pay? If it is, we must rate our already tenuous dollars as one-cent dollars.

True, education has never been considered a commodity, like lumber or lead. That, perhaps, is unfortunate. When you buy lead or lumber, you get what you pay for, but education is more like a pig in a poke. It may not be a pig, unless a guinea pig can qualify. In such matters as lumber and lead, there are Better Business Bureaus, from which a guarantee can be obtained; there are also Federal and State laws which now and then bring to grief dealers who misrepresent their wares. But we have nothing of the kind, I am sorry to say, in the world of education.

A school may be only a building, with children and older persons in it. Its directors may be gentlemen who attribute to Dewey and Thorndyke an infallibility in education never claimed by the Bishop of Rome for his own sphere. The children are always genuine, and usually we may assume that the teachers will do their best, in spite of the opposition furnished by a system which to principles in education that are false, rated by any valid philosophy, adds the fads and fag-ends of pedagogy

as taught at 120th and Broadway, New York. In education, we have never been able to set aside the rule of *caveat emptor*.

Precisely what these institutions cost in dollars and cents can be stated only in "round numbers." The best we can get are estimates, and usually they are underestimates. It can be said that the largest single item in the budget of any city is for the schools, and that of every dollar used by the States for public purposes, the schools will claim from thirty to forty cents. Detailed comparisons of costs in different cities are made with difficulty. Items which loom large in one budget may be completely omitted in the budget of another, although in each case, these items are properly attributable to school costs. According to the Office of Education, "the daily cost of one child's education ranges all the way from twelve cents in one city to \$1.10 in another." If we rate the costs of all primary and secondary schools in the United States at approximately \$2,750,000,000 per year, we shall not be far off the true mark.

The recent press release of the Office analyzes the cost-figures for the public schools interestingly. If you offered a check for \$100 to pay for one year's schooling for a boy or girl, the Office reports, you would receive in change exactly \$3.82. This figure is based on reports received from 312 city-school systems throughout the United States. For \$96.18 you would be given a receipted bill "for teaching the average child, for operating and maintaining his school building, for the services of his superintendent of schools and other school officers, and for all other miscellaneous school services and costs."

An itemized account follows. Instruction costs, including salaries, free text-books and other educational supplies, amount to \$74.82. Operation costs include salaries for the janitor and other building employes, and the bill for fuel, light, and water. They amount to \$9.27. The maintenance costs of buildings and equipment are estimated at \$3.29. The school board, the school superintendent, the school business manager, attendance officers, medical, dental, nurse and "guidance" services, call for \$3.00 in all. The final item of costs is \$5.80. That represents transportation, extra charges by physicians, dentists and nurses, payments to teachers' pension funds, rent, insurance, and "miscellaneous" services. That brings the dem'd total up to \$96.18, if you omit what seems to me a fairly important item. Why expenditures for sites and for new buildings must always be omitted from these estimates, has never been explained by the Office. They are legitimate items of expense, for assuredly our cities do not buy school sites at bargain rates, and they have never been deemed objects of charity by architects and building contractors.

If you wish to feel that you are educating the child at a very small cost, you may find support in the contention of the Office that "the price of a cigar or a box of candy buys one day's education for a city child." The candy estimate may stand, but the Office shows its preference for a good cigar when it permits the price to range "all the way

from twelve cents in one city to \$1.10 in another."

High as the bill is, it would be higher were it not for the provisions made by Catholics for parish schools. In a study published last May, the National Education Association observes that some States have large enrolments in private and parish schools, "hence the tax burden and expenditures for public education are less." The wording here may be questioned, since expenditures for parish schools are expenditures for public education no less than are expenditures for the public schools; but the conclusion that parish schools bring down the tax-rate is undoubted. "If these States had been required to provide public education for all the children through tax funds," the study continues, "the expenditures for public education and, therefore, the efforts of the States, by the formula utilized, would have to be raised."

This admission is from an Association which is by no means friendly to Catholic education. But a more accurate picture is presented in a report issued last month by James E. Cummings, of the N.C.W.C. department of education.

Mr. Cummings, a careful statistician, estimates that the attendance at Catholic schools of all grades for the coming year will be about 2,605,500. Of this number, 2,462,000 will be registered in the primary and secondary grades, and will be cared for by about 74,000 teachers. For his illustration, Mr. Cummings selects New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, and Wisconsin, eight States in which the Catholic primary and secondary school enrolment is greater than 100,000. These eight States enroll in Catholic schools 1,617,481 pupils, a larger number than can be found in all the public schools of the same grade in Arizona, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Maine, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont, and Wyoming, combined. But if the total number of pupils in all Catholic primary and secondary schools is taken, it will exceed the public-school enrolment in the fourteen States named, with the addition of Connecticut, Oregon, and Nebraska.

According to the Office of Education, the current expenses of the schools in these States in 1934 were \$143,412,459. Using the per capita cost in the public schools for that year, Mr. Cummings estimates that the Catholic schools saved these States in 1934 at least \$129,626,512. Put in another way, the cost of primary and secondary education for the population of seventeen States is borne by Catholics alone.

But the chief value of the Catholic school is not that it supplies the State with money which the State would otherwise not have. Its chief value is that it supplies the State with citizens, which otherwise it could not have. I do not mean by the term simply individuals who are counted in the census, but men and women whose education has taught them that upright living, solicitude for the common good, and loyal obedience to all lawful authority, are duties imposed by religion. I do not know where the child will get that education, except in a Catholic school. He will certainly not get it in a school from which religion is excluded by law.



# WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

---

---

## EQUESTRIAN ANGELS AND ORGANIZED INTELLIGENCE

DISCOVERIES related to a gaping public at the Harvard Tercentenary's congress of scientific notables crowd so thick and fast that Prof. John Dewey's great pronouncement might escape notice. He is quoted as revealing the startling fact that individualism is dead. When Professor Dewey says that something is dead, it usually means that a little of it is still alive, enough to be annoying; but that its final demise would bring great peace to Professor Dewey.

In individualism's place we now glory, he says, in "organized intelligence." Every day in every way everything will steadily get better and better because intelligences will be organized.

I am all for organized intelligence, so Mr. Dewey's discovery makes me very happy. But even when intelligences are organized, there is the question who does the organizing? For instance, would we all be very happy in a world where intelligences were organized by the philosophical faculty of Columbia University? Perhaps we should be. I have never tried it. But would such an experiment really bring joy to tired hearts?

I am glad to take a whack with Professor Dewey at individualism of the detestable kind. But his words leave you with the queasy feeling that when he says individualism he includes in that expression the individual's rights, the dignity of the individual human person. And no amount of organized intelligence can ever be regarded as taking the place of that.

There is an organizer of human intelligences with whom, I trust, Professor Dewey is not on speaking terms. If you wish to form an idea of his skill, study the press accounts of recent doings in Spain; the studied shading of epithets and tags; the mild but effective ridicule cast upon the Holy Father for feeling and speaking as a man and a Pontiff and the responsible Head of the Church about horrors concerning which he has vastly more information than any newshawk. Slight and trifling as the individual touches are, their total effect is organized, and those who contribute to the process may be unaware of the influence that has subtly guided them.

Each correspondent, exercising that individualism so loathsome to Mr. Dewey, writes as he pleases. But none the less an atmosphere has been created; and whether you read the studied effects of *Time*, or the more artless shadings in every town and village paper through the country, you still are aware of a distant, yet somehow potent organizer.

Some months ago I happened upon a booklet that would, I thought, reveal to me some possible secrets of this master mind. It was called "Begone Satan!" and told of some doings of the evil spirit with regard to a possessed lady in Earling, Iowa. That it happened in Earling captured my attention, since Earling is in the heart of one of the most intelligent and progressive agricultural communities of the United States, Shelby County, Iowa, where the population is largely Catholic, largely German with a slight intermingling of Irish. They have erected splendid churches and schools, which are a reproach and a wonder to wealthier and more congested communities. From personal observation close to the very time when the events narrated in the pamphlet took place, I was deeply impressed by the spirit and accomplishments of these people. What a great setting, therefore, for a drama of Satan's astuteness and the triumph of Christian simplicity!

Alas! I was sadly disappointed. The more I read the booklet, which was translated from an account written second-hand from the local pastor's narrative, by a priest in Germany, the Rev. Karl Vogel, the more confused the whole story became. It was impossible to make out what was authoritative testimony and what was mere conjecture.

As for Satan's organization, it seems to have been a complete mess. "Silent devils" and hordes of lesser, "ill-mannered fellows," and "brats of hell" rushed around, and engaged in efforts that seemed totally disproportionate to the meager results that success would have promised.

My fear that I was an unregenerate skeptic is much allayed by the critical review of "Begone Satan," which has just appeared in a ten-cent pamphlet form under the title: "Angels on Horseback" (with allusion to the previously mentioned vision) from the lucid pen of the Rev. Albert R. Bandini, K.S.G., and published by the People's Publishing Co., 40 Columbus Ave., San Francisco.

"To put it mildly," says Father Bandini, "this 'Begone Satan' in its theological implications is a grotesque travesty of Catholic thought. Were it merely the account of an alleged case of possession, concerning itself with facts evaluated in an objective, sane, conservative manner (according to the positive command of the Church) I certainly should have no quarrel with it. . . . However, the alleged facts in 'Begone Satan' cannot by any means be taken at their face value. . . . At any rate, whatever the ultimate truth about the facts in the Earling case, they are framed into a background of theories quite alien to real Catholic doctrine."

This is a severe indictment, but I believe it is high time that it should be made, and that Father Bandini deserves credit for substantiating it.

THE PILGRIM.

## ANARCHY IN SPAIN

DENIAL that excesses have been committed by groups either accredited to the Communistic Government in Spain, or actually under its direction, is now impossible. Hardly a day passes without bringing new and more dreadful instances. Now the excuse is offered that the Government deplors these barbarities but is unable to prevent them, since it must use all its forces to preserve its own existence.

The excuse is without merit. The shocking brutalities of today merely continue on a larger scale those which a dozen cities in Spain saw months before the military revolt broke out. If the Government did not actually foster these disorders, it made no serious effort to check them. Between the elections and the revolt, 160 churches were destroyed and 251 damaged; many private buildings were burned or bombed, and during these riots 269 persons were killed, and 1,287 were wounded. According to the *Christian Democrat* (Oxford) from which these figures are taken, Sr. Gil Robles warned the Government that its indifference in face of these apparently planned disorders would lead to a *coup d'etat*. The protest of the Vatican was also disregarded.

Since the revolt, the atrocities have been redoubled. As the Archbishop of Cincinnati writes in a letter to his people on September 1: "The fiendish cruelty of blood-thirsty Communists, anarchists, and misguided youths, taught to hate Christ and to engage in anti-God orgies, sickens the Christian heart." Five Bishops have been tortured to death and more than a thousand priests have been slain. Convents and Religious houses have been destroyed, and in one of these convents five Carmelite nuns were crucified. The bitter hatred of God and His Church which characterizes the course of the Madrid Government finds a parallel nowhere except in Mexico and Russia. The same purpose is evident; to destroy religion, and with it all those human rights which Christianity teaches human governments to respect and to foster.

While it is a misuse of terms to refer to the forces which support the tyranny in Spain as "loyalists," since they are loyal only to principles which are incompatible with civilized government, it must not be supposed that victory for the "rebels" means the downfall of Communism in the peninsula. As the *Christian Democrat* observes, and as *The Pilgrim* warned us last week in AMERICA, "the solution of Spain's problems cannot be stated in terms so simple." Victory for the "rebels" will simply mark the beginning of a period of reconstruction. If under the Government which then takes over power, the Church is allowed her freedom, and the natural and political rights of every citizen are guaranteed, prosperity as well as peace will come to long-harassed Spain. The most powerful weapon against Communism should be sought in the removal, through spiritual forces, of cruelty and oppression which vitiate the social and economic orders.

## EDITOR

### EUTHANASIA

LAST week Lord Moynihan died, but it is not reported that his physician slew him. Lord Moynihan once wrote that only Catholics opposed his plan to legalize euthanasia. True, Catholics believe that the physician should not take the life of his patient, or counsel or aid him to commit suicide. That policy would end all medical progress; besides, it usurps a right that belongs to God alone. We do not expect the physician to bring death with him, but to do all in his power to bar the door against death. Catholics are a curious lot; they actually demand a physician who will help them, not kill them.

### MR. LEWIS AND

VICE-PRESIDENT Woll, of the American Federation of Labor, expressed the hope in his Labor Day address that the two groups led by President Green and the militant John L. Lewis would soon meet on a common ground of agreement. We too share that hope, although our part of it is slender. Mr. Woll would have expressed our idea more nearly had he said that there was no reason why the successors of Messrs. Green and Lewis could not meet on a common ground of agreement.

The vertical union advocated by Mr. Lewis is the only type of union that can be established in some of the industries. President Green admitted as much some years ago, and it seems to us that in opposing Mr. Lewis he blundered badly. We realize that the language of the truculent Mr. Lewis can be exceedingly exasperating, but as President of the Federation, Mr. Green should have distinguished between the man and his manners. If these two can lay aside their personal animosities, and think solely of the interests of organized labor, the vertical and the horizontal unions can continue side by side in the Federation.

From the outset we have supported the contention of Mr. Lewis that the only way of organizing certain of the heavy industries was through the vertical union. While we cannot claim that we have suffered stripes in his defense, it is quite true that on at least one occasion President Green censured us severely. If, then, we take this occasion to utter a word of



## CAMPAIGN "EXPENSES"

SENATOR Loneragan, chairman of the Senate Committee to investigate campaign expenses, is quoted as saying that "plans are under way to spend untold sums" for the Republicans in Michigan. Money will certainly be used in Michigan and in every State in the Union, for money and elections go together, like bread and butter. The committee seems chiefly interested in cash expenditures, although many politicians do not employ cash in these matters. A threat can go as far as a dollar, and it might be well to inquire into the matters of jobs and other favors promised. Money is only one medium of corruption.

## AND HIS FRIENDS

warning to Mr. Lewis, we shall not be suspected of interested motives. We like Mr. Lewis' type of union, but we do not like Mr. Lewis' manners, and still less do we like some of Mr. Lewis' close associates.

It would be impertinent of us to criticize Mr. Lewis for the company he keeps as a private citizen. But Mr. Lewis, as the head of a labor organization, is a public figure, and it is very much our business, and the business of every man who believes in labor's right to organize, to keep an eye on him. Mr. Lewis may entertain Communists and anarchists in his own home, and fraternize with them to his heart's content, and no one will say him nay. But when he admits as his associates in launching this new and sorely needed type of labor organization men whose sympathies are more nearly red than pink, we consider ourselves entitled to protest. Does Mr. Lewis believe that agents of this kind will conciliate respect for his organization? Or make it a medium of conciliation between capital and labor? Or recommend it to the Catholic worker?

One of Mr. Lewis' close associates heads an association formed in New York to collect funds for the Communist Government in Spain. Others are connected with radical groups, allied in spirit with Moscow, whose chief work up to the present has been to foment labor troubles. As a friend of the vertical union, we counsel Mr. Lewis to be more circumspect in choosing his associates.

## SNARLED DEPARTMENTS

REORGANIZATION of the President's Cabinet is forecast in what appears to be a semi-official statement published in the *New York Times* for September 9. A study of the Federal establishment, with its myriad bureaus, offices, permanent committees, and departments, has been prepared by the President's Committee on Administrative Management. A plan may be submitted before the elections, so that the President, in the event of his reelection, may go before Congress with a mandate from the people.

Whatever political stratagems and plots the President's opponents may discern in this announcement, it must be confessed that the project of re-organization is not new. The Constitutional Convention left details of organization to Congress and to the Chief Executive, and almost from the beginning the Government's departments have been a headache to the Presidents. Minor changes have been made from time to time, chiefly through the creation of new departments and bureaus, but no President has ever expressed himself satisfied with the working of the vast machine. The fundamental difficulty is not how to re-organize, for that could be effected after a few months of intelligent study. The real difficulty lies in placating the politicians in Congress who in every change fear some curtailment of their patronage. As Congress generally views the matter, re-organization involves the problem of how to eat one's cake and have it, and as sagacious men, they are disposed to waste no time on it.

Back in President Harding's time, a committee on re-organization, galvanized into sudden energy by the turmoil over the proposed Department of Education, submitted half-a-dozen huge tomes, supplemented with acres of graphs and statistics. Probably this mass of material can be found in the Government's archives, but Congress has resolutely refused to deal with it. President Coolidge glanced at the volumes, it is said, and after one brief public statement of qualified approval, took refuge in safe silence. The project came up again during the administration of President Hoover who, it would seem, was genuinely interested in bringing order out of the chaos of conflicting bureaus, offices, committees, and departments which he found at Washington. But the interest in Congress was languid, and since the President cannot act without Congress, Mr. Hoover soon turned his attention to other matters.

Under the present Administration, it need hardly be said, the complexity of Government managing has greatly increased. What was a canoe in Washington's time, has become a Queen Mary, but with machinery that is grinding and clanking and threatening to break down altogether. This is not offered as hostile criticism, for most of the emergency bureaus were hastily put together. The marvel is not that many of them have worked badly, but that any of them have worked at all. Still, what has happened in the last few years is

an unmistakable warning that change is needed. Whether we like it or not, much of the machinery which has been set up at Washington will remain there permanently, and the best we can do is to insure its operation with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of waste.

The President has disclosed no details of his project, but we hope that it will add no new ventures on the plea of simplifying what has become extremely complicated. The demand for a Department of Education is still pushed by the political pedagogues, and in a recent number of *Parents Magazine*, Mrs. Roosevelt writes that the re-organization plans should include "a Federal Department which will touch primarily the homes and the youth of America." Departments of Music, the Stage, and Recreation, have their ardent advocates, and, in a more serious mood, others plead for a Department of Public Health and an enlarged Maternity Bureau which will have no foolish scruples in the matter of birth-control.

All we have to say is that if the re-organization plan follows the general line laid down by Mrs. Roosevelt, with bureaus "which will touch primarily the homes and the youth of America," we shall be living ten years hence in the din and uproar of a national bedlam. Our distressing need is a re-organization which keeps the Federal Government within constitutional bounds, and prevents it from intruding into affairs that are none of its business.

This may be deemed "destructive criticism" although trying to prevent cranks from dynamiting the Constitution is not exactly "destructive." If a positive contribution, however, is desired, we suggest that the President give us a real Civil Service system. The thing we have now is a fraud.

## YOUNG FATHER KENNY

JUBILARIANS in the Religious life are commonly aged persons, gray and venerable. We look up to them as ancients who hover uncertainly on the brink between time and eternity, ready for the call of the Master.

But there are exceptions, and among the most notable is the Rev. Michael Kenny who on September 6 completed fifty years in the Society of Jesus. He therefore takes rank with the jubilarians, but it is wholly impossible to think of him as old. Nor is he gray; and he is venerable only in the sense that his labors and the example of priestly virtue he has given us, merit our reverence.

Twenty-eight years ago, Father Kenny came up from the South to serve as one of the first band of Associate Editors of *AMERICA*. In 1915, he was appointed regent of the law school of Loyola University, New Orleans, and professor of jurisprudence and legal ethics. Ten years later, he was assigned to Spring Hill College, Alabama, as professor of philosophy. During all these years, he lectured, preached, and wrote, with indefatigable energy, for like all very busy men he could always find time to do something more. Among his more recent book publications are *Catholic Culture in*

*Alabama, Romance of the Floridas*, and his popular indictment of the Communistic régime in Mexico, *No God Next Door*.

The years have dealt kindly with Father Kenny. Young in spirit, young in his ambition to work for the greater glory of God, he is old only in his loyalty to the Church and to all her interests. At the end of his first fifty years in the Society of Jesus, *AMERICA* salutes him, a champion of truth and justice, and prays that he may long be with us to enlighten us by his writings and to encourage us by his example.

## THE LOVE OF CHRIST

SAINTS and scholars through the centuries have marvelled at the depth and sweep of St. Paul's thought. It is true that at times he spoke in terms hard to be understood, but that was when he tried to unfold mysteries that we shall not fully comprehend even on that blessed day when, please God, we shall meet him in Heaven. It is related of St. Paul's great expositor, St. John Chrysostom, that an old lady stopped him one day as he came out of the church, after a particularly eloquent homily on a text from *Romans*. "It is all very wonderful, and the people applaud," said the old lady, "but we poor folks cannot understand." Was the fault St. Paul's, or his expositor's? Or had the old lady nodded during the sermon?

Those who allow themselves to nod, with the Byzantine lady, over St. Paul, deprive themselves of much spiritual profit. They might begin by listening attentively to the verses from the third chapter of the *Epistle to the Ephesians* which the Church reads tomorrow, the Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Scarcely anywhere in his *Epistles* is St. Paul's tender solicitude for his disciples shown more attractively. He is in tribulations, as usual, but he does not forget to pray for them. He asks that they may be strengthened by the Spirit of God, that Christ may dwell by faith in their hearts, that being rooted and founded in charity, they may know "the love of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge." Whatever theme St. Paul may discuss, in the end he brings us back to the love of Christ.

Who shall say that St. Paul has not here put his finger on a great lack in our souls? Our lives would be happier, and this world, now dark with forboding, brighter, if we strove to realize the reality of Our Lord's love for us. To say that He loves us means that always we have someone to whom we can turn in our deepest tribulations. There are trials so bitter that nothing in this world can assuage them, and we shall faint unless the thought that He is still with us, comes to sustain us.

But love begets love. When we understand that He truly loves us, we shall love Him in return, and manifest that love by our love for all Christ's brethren. The world is forlorn today, perhaps our souls are anguished, because we and the world do not know "the love of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge." May the Saint help us to learn it.



# CHRONICLE

---

---

**PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.** President Roosevelt and Governor Landon were in substantial agreement on the plans for rehabilitation of the populace, education in farm procedure and practical projects for the prevention of recurrent droughts at the conference of the Governors held in Des Moines. The President returned to Washington, but *en route* to a trip through some of the Southern states. Previously, speaking at Springfield, Ill., he stated that "the obligations of the Government are on a sounder basis of credit than ever before in history." In his Labor Day message, he asserted that "employment and weekly pay envelopes have increased steadily during the past three years, stimulated by the spending of the Federal Government in useful ways." Governor Landon, in his Kansas Labor Day proclamation declared that "we should remain steadfast in the belief that the concern of labor is the concern of all; that labor should be free to organize for fair consideration; that this right to organize and promote such consideration must remain forever free from governmental or any other form of coercion." He emphasized this thought in his address to the American Legion at Wichita, Kan., and urged organized labor to struggle for higher living standards. He reminded his hearers of three duties: that of religious and racial tolerance, of citizenship, and of preserving peace among the nations. Somewhat unexpectedly, he decided to tour Maine during the State campaign "to participate in the first fighting repudiation at the polls of the kind of government this country has had for the last three years."

— — —

**GOVERNMENT REORGANIZATION.** The Committee on Administrative Management submitted to President Roosevelt suggestions looking to plans whereby certain of the present governmental bureaus and departments might be consolidated or abolished. While the main effort of the Committee will be directed toward reduction of expenditure, thought will be had of efficiency and better service. It was believed that the President would introduce tentative plans for reorganization to the electorate in the latter part of the campaign.

— — —

**SAN SEBASTIAN BESIEGED.** After their occupation of Irun General Mola's troops captured Fort Guadalupe and Fuentarrabia, and attacked San Sebastian. Within the city extreme Leftists prepared for a fight to the finish, intending to burn the city before yielding to the Insurgents. Non-combatants were evacuating the city in a steady stream. The Basque Nationalists, greatly outnumbering the Extremists, resisted all attempts to start conflagrations, were willing to surrender rather than have

their city ruined as was Irun. Said Governor Antonio Ortega: "I disapprove thoroughly of the action of Anarchists at Irun. There will be no burning of San Sebastian while I am alive." A surrender was offered to General Mola on condition of universal amnesty. The offer was refused. Meanwhile an unofficial but effective truce was put into operation. Several hundred Basque Nationalists arrived from Bilbao, checked the vandalistic desires of the Anarchists, prevented the slaughter of hostages, sent them off to Bilbao, and took over control of the city and its defences. Insurgent forces, confident of an early capture of San Sebastian, prepared for an attack on Madrid. In Toledo the valiant Insurgent garrison in the Alcazar refused to surrender although Government guns had broken down the walls and efforts were being made to undermine the fort. Insurgent forces coming to the aid of the Alcazar continued to meet heavy resistance. Southeast of Madrid the fighting centered about Talavera de la Reina, several times reported captured and recaptured in the past week. A new Government assumed control in Madrid, headed by the "Spanish Lenin," Francisco Largo Caballero, Communist trade-union chief. An early move of the new Government was that of unifying all Government forces under command of General José Asensio.

— — —

**HUMANIZING BALKED.** Efforts of the foreign diplomats under the leadership of Garcia Mansilla to humanize the Spanish war came to naught when Madrid politely rejected their proposals without considering them in detail. No more successful was the meeting of twenty-three nations held in London to formulate some plans of control for the neutrality agreements already accepted in principle. Blame for the temporary failure of this convention was placed on the unwillingness of Portugal to cooperate. Portuguese officials felt that they had too much at stake in the danger of the advance of Communism into their own country to place their actions under any system of international control or supervision. His Holiness, Pius XI, speaking to 600 Italian Franciscan Tertiaries, called for a crusade of prayer throughout the world in which the faithful would pray especially for Spain, "where brothers kill brothers and so many massacres are being committed, accompanied by sacrileges and horrors that are wiping out everything sacred and human."

— — —

**FRENCH NEUTRALITY.** The number of strikers continued to increase during the week. At Lille, 30,000 workers folded their arms, refused to operate the textile machines, and occupied the factories. The Michelin factories in Clermont-Ferrand were

at a standstill. Meanwhile the rift grew wider between the Communists, who demanded intervention in Spain, and the Socialists, who insisted upon strict neutrality. At a caucus of Left Deputies, this dispute came to a definite head, although the Communists admitted that they would continue to support the Blum Government. Then the administrative committee of the General Confederation of Labor met with Government officials, and agreed to a mild formula asking the Government to reconsider its neutrality policy toward Spain. This move was also a clear break-away from Communist influences. It gave Premier Blum a solution for his most pressing difficulty for it was apparent that he would not now have to convoke Parliament in extra session to ask a vote of confidence.

ITALIAN NAVAL OPERATIONS. When Rome received the news that another Italian citizen had been killed in Barcelona, Premier Mussolini immediately took characteristic action. Dispatching a strong protest to the Catalan officials, he also ordered another warship into the waters near the city. It was reported late in the week that he had requested permission to land a force of marines in Barcelona to protect his nationals.

MUTINY IN PORTUGAL. An attempted mutiny by the crews of the sloop *Alfonso de Albuquerque* and the gunboat *Dao* was promptly suppressed by the guns of Fort Almeida and Fort de Duque, the ships towed to port and the crews placed under arrest. Twelve sailors were reported killed, eight wounded. A slight incident, it gave indications of forces seething under the surface in the country most likely to be affected by the turn of events in Spain. A "state of precaution," a mild form of martial law, was proclaimed in Lisbon and troops were confined to their barracks.

IRISH SYMPATHY WITH SPAIN. While the *Irish Times* spoke of "the disgraceful attack" made by the Spanish army on the democratic Government of Spain, and while prominent Freemasons wrote in similar strain, Catholic Ireland denounced the terrible war against Christianity being waged in that country. Several Archbishops and Bishops spoke in strong terms and many County Councils and other local bodies called on the Free State Government to sever trade ties with the Spanish Government. The Labor Party, although utterly opposed to any kind of Fascist ideal, warned the Northern labor leaders it would have no truck with any help to the Communists.

SOVIET ARMY MANEUVERS. There was an ominous echo of 1913 in the despatch from Soviet Russia that the world's largest standing army had taken the field for maneuvers. With every arm of its land forces represented and with a great concentration of mechanized and motorized units, the Red army

lined up near Minsk, in an area of strategic importance should Germany and the Soviet Union go to war. Present were large delegations of specially invited military observers from France and Czechoslovakia, who have pacts with Russia for mutual assistance, and also from Great Britain. To what extent these friendly observers would be permitted to inspect the new fortifications and strategic highway along Russia's western border was a speculation among the uninvited military attaches in Moscow.

ITALY OR ETHIOPIA AT GENEVA. The troubled League of Nations had a vexing problem to dispose of in the question of admitting to its Assembly the delegation from Ethiopia. The trend at Geneva was against such admission and in favor of Italy's return to the League, though Great Britain and France were not yet disposed to recognize the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. Not League principles lay back of this so much as fear of the Italo-German rapprochement.

NAZI CONGRESS. After emphasizing his restoration of full arms sovereignty to the Reich, Chancellor Hitler laid before the fourth annual National Socialist party congress at Nuremberg his program covering German policy for the next four years. Germany could not relinquish its claims to satisfaction of its colonial needs, he said. His attitude toward colonies, however, was sufficiently vague to cover any sort of policy. Germany desired peace with other nations and peace at home, the Chancellor declared. "This," he added, "is my new four-year plan. In four years Germany must be brought to independence of other countries regarding all products as far as this can be achieved." A strong denunciation of Bolshevism was included in the address. A letter read from Catholic pulpits in Germany complained of the treatment accorded by the Nazi press and officials to the "immorality" trials. The Nazis made it appear that the Franciscan Order was involved, whereas a federation of lay brothers not connected with the Franciscan Order was the victim of the Nazi propaganda trials. The Nazi press pretended that numerous priests had been accused, whereas the actual truth of the matter is that only one priest stood trial and the public was excluded from his trial.

STERN MEASURES IN PALESTINE. The decision of the Arab Supreme Committee to continue the general strike in Palestine determined the British Government to adopt sterner measures to suppress the disorders. Now entering its twenty-first week, the strike was organized as a protest against Jewish immigration and the sale of land to Jews. Preparations were made for the transportation of 8,000 British troops to Palestine as part of the new policy of more rapid and effective action in a situation which "is a direct challenge to the authority of the British Government."



# CORRESPONDENCE

---

---

---

## ZEAL

EDITOR: For the past four years I have lived in a small community. There are fifteen families forced to depend on relief and the WPA. These people have no Church home.

Catholic correspondents and other friends mail me Catholic books and magazines which I distribute among them every month. Few of them ever saw a priest, nun or brother and knew nothing of the existence of Catholic periodicals till I began my circulating library. I wonder whether this idea might not be carried out in other similar communities? And I would like to hear from someone who would loan us the *Catholic Dictionary*.

R. R. 1, Ramsay, Ill. MRS. CARMEN D. WELCH

## FAULT

EDITOR: One must agree with William Kerrish on the present partial ineffectiveness of Catholic journalism; but once again, the "fault is in ourselves that we are underlings." The Catholic press is the apostolic warrior of our day and it is the reading public that should be pepped up to appreciate its service. Too few subscribe and still fewer display an intelligent zeal in interpreting what they subscribe for.

Flushing, N. Y.

MARIE DUFF.

## PASTORS

EDITOR: May I say that I was grieved by a letter entitled: *Man-Made Muddle*, in the August 15 number of AMERICA.

Among other mistatements the writer said: "In my own parish, the priests have never shown a great desire to understand the wage worker or become acquainted with him or his problem. In my thirteen years residence in a parish I have not heard the labor Encyclicals mentioned over three times. The bookrack carries no mention on these subjects. . . ."

Do you believe this slander? Where is the pastor who does not make the labor and other Encyclicals of the Holy Father take place after the Bible in his Sunday instructions to his people? That is the position given them by every priest that I know! Perhaps we are most unworthy heralds, but we certainly do not keep our mouths shut. We may not be able to explain the Church's social program with the learning of a university professor, but we do our best. And what is more, our people are really not left in ignorance concerning the Church's teachings on these vital questions. Even the non-Catholic elements in our communities look up to the

Catholic priest as the proponent of true social reform. Such is the case in Wisconsin, and the priests of other states are not different from us. We all attended the same seminaries and read the same books, and all have the same interest in the common people from whom most of us sprang.

And as for the bookrack. The books and pamphlets therein come from AMERICA or from the Paulists Fathers or other similar sources. Now does your list of publications ignore the social problem? It certainly does not. Nor do the Paulist publications or any other.

Wisconsin.

S. L. J.

## GOOD AND CLEVER

EDITOR: In the August 29 issue of AMERICA an article entitled: *Be Good Sweet Maid and Let Who Will Be Clever*, calls for comment.

In all humility we ask by what prerogative does Helen Walker Homan sit in the seats of the mighty and presume to question the ability of "our present-day nuns" to prepare our young people for life? After twenty-five years of intimate association with high-school girls, the writer feels justified in labeling her assertions, "fallacies."

Faithful alumnae throughout our land will testify that their teachers were equipped not only with the principles of solid pedagogy, not only learned in the various subjects they taught, but also were learned in the things of God that rendered them capable of forming character in the class-room. The Religious teacher needs no Helen Walker Homan to remind her that she is training spiritual soldiers for a conflict. Our pupils realize that *No Compromise* is their battle-cry and that there can be no surrender to false doctrines. The secular training in the Catholic school is permeated with the principles of the Divine Teacher.

Maine

TEACHER

## WARPED IDEA

EDITOR: The writer of the letter entitled *No Hush* in your Correspondence section brings home again the thought that no intelligent, practical Catholic can face the struggle in every-day life, if he is not fortified with the fundamental knowledge of our Faith. He admits that he attended parochial schools, then attended secular high school and secular college. The old, old story repeats itself. If the student does not get the benefit of Catholic high school and Catholic college education, if he further pursues higher learning he will get a warped idea of our Faith.

Painesville, O.

OBSERVER.

# LITERATURE AND ARTS

---

## MENTAL LEVELS IN LITERARY CRITICISM

BENEDICT FITZPATRICK

---

YOU can read very few reviews of books nowadays without meeting a lot of commentary about the author's prose. You are likely to be told that the book is remarkable for its prose; that it has passages of "striking prose," and so on. And when you read one such review you may be sure you will read the same sort of minstrelsy or dirge in other reviews. For New York critics, feeling helpless usually in the presence of a book, unless there is motive for a puff or a piece of literary gangsterism, poke anxiously about for prior reviews to avoid a too serious *faux pas*, to scamp the hard hurdle of critical judgment, or to make sure whether the gesture of the close harmony chorus to which they have attached themselves, if they are that kind of critic, is thumbs up or thumbs down.

This concert of epithets about prose has grown to large proportions only lately. I think one of the first devotees in the cause of "good prose" was William McFee; and he was borrowing from Conrad—a bad model, for Conrad was too much exercised with words all his life and never really mastered the English tongue. The incantation took on so that in time the word became the substitute for the thought and we came to have anthologies of American prose, anthologies of world prose, and so on, looked at, we were told, purely as prose and nothing else. It is emblematic of the level at which New York critics are willing to work that we should have drifted from an era of treasuries of *Wit and Wisdom*, of *Useful Knowledge*, of *Great Thoughts from Great Minds*, to an era of undue absorption in the verbal formulae in which the wit and the knowledge have been enshrined. And you would think that this assuredly would be bound to be the lowest level since there would not appear to be a lower. But in so doing you would be underrating the naïve conformity of the New York critic. There are deeper bottoms still where New York criticism appears entirely at home, habitations of strabismic narcissism and resounding hollow droning, solemnly acquiesced in or frenetically belauded. But of that in due time.

The talk about "good prose" and "great prose" had predecessors and alternatives. The earlier pop-

ular word was "style." "Style is everything," we were told; and told particularly and vehemently by our lady reviewers, not without a glance at Patou and the Rue de la Paix. But "style" has always been a slippery term. Nobody used it confidently. Nobody could form before his mind any clear idea of what "style" was. In its sense of "manner" it did not seem possible to apply it simply to an author's language. On the other hand, if it was not applied directly to the words it was hard to see to what it could be applied, for there did not seem to be anything except the words. But it was a beautiful term and the critics kept on using it without having any clear idea as to what they were actually saying.

Even more popular than "style" was the word "simplicity." Now here was a word about which there could not be any doubt whatever. From time immemorial authors had been advised to be "brief and simple." All the great authorities had repeated the counsel and written reams of words about it. Anyhow were not "grandeur" and "simplicity" universally regarded as the leading characteristics of the language of the Bible! Was not Lincoln's Gettysburg address a model of simplicity? Was not de Maupassant famous for his directness and simplicity? And did not Hemingway, who modeled himself on Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson, become a best seller? And when we were at school did not our instructor of English warn us against flowery language and fine writing! Was he not always in favor of simplicity? And when we got our first job on a newspaper did not the editor bellow out loud against "vocabulary," and even against "style," that sacred word? And anyhow were not the public a crowd of morons who would be flabbergasted if you were to use a word of more than two syllables?

And so for years we had authors drawing the attention of the world in their blurbs to the simplicity of their books. But, mark that the authors were not content to talk only about "simplicity." No; they would say in effect: "Please direct your attention to my writing. Note how simple it is, and yet how majestic, how noble, how gorgeous, how hardboiled, how sinewy" and so on. The require-



ment of simplicity had in fact become an article of accepted faith, and the august editors of book guilds had only to look into a book and observe its "simplicity" in order to decide that it was a masterpiece and would be sure to have all the other needed qualities and therefore might be sent out to the public in the usual large quantities.

Lately even the rule of "simplicity," after a reign almost as long as Queen Victoria, has been having a bad time and its staunchest friends have begun to desert it. Even the substitution of understudy phrases such as "lean and sinewy," "clean and athletic," "short and hardboiled," has not saved it. A number of people, with a poor opinion of the average critic, and with a pestiferous habit of questioning literary nostrums, have been assailing the "brief and simple" presupposition. They have been pointing out that a rule-of-thumb, that might serve very well in a newspaper story, the purpose of which was to give the bare bones of the facts in an actual occurrence, might be a poor guide in a work of literary imagination seeking to build up emotions, attitudes, atmospheres and moods. In the one case the language is determined by the available facts, by events seen and heard. In the other, omniscience is the condition of communication, the end is the translation of a complete inward experience and intricate state of mind, or successions of states of mind, from one soul to another.

In the sense of monosyllablism and its mental level any kindergarten fairy tale is a masterpiece of simplicity. In another sense, so is any demonstration in Euclid. Now it is certain that the "simplicity" of an Arabian Nights tale is not the simplicity, say, of *Hamlet* or *King Lear*. And yet it is admitted that Shakespeare, even when most powerful and exuberant and impressive, is marked by some exalted sort of literary simplicity. Manifestly there is a mystery here which our critics find perplexing in the last degree.

Through it all one thing has to be noted in these gyrations of the critics. All their veerings and windward tackings and quick changes of apparel are, every one, on the same mental level. They change their direction and adopt new fashions and twist and twirl, but their movements are all surface movements. Their alterations are alterations in width, not in height or depth. They never climb or dive or dig or ascend or descend. They feel themselves capable of dealing only with the show of things, not with their substance. Their world is a world of words, not of the things the words stand for. "Style," "prose," "brief and simple"—these formulae apply to the formal elements of a literary work of art, not to the work of art itself. They deal only with what is obvious to the senses, not with what is beyond the senses. They deal with signs and symbols, not with what they signify. They deal with the skeleton on which the literary masterpiece is hung, not with the literary masterpiece itself. They deal with the written or spoken word only, the black marks on paper, the sound or rhythm in the ear or on the lips. They deal with the visible and outward aspect of the book, not with the book itself.

The book itself is a subtle, filmy complex of

appearing and dissolving colors and feelings and forms, hard to create, difficult to recreate. It requires a special talent and tremendous effort of the will to hold it up for contemplation in space and time, to disentangle its characteristic elements, to keep present at once both the beginning and the end. It is like stretching out your hand and trying to encompass successive circles of cigarette smoke. It is almost never done. And yet in ideal criticism that is what is required to be done. And criticism will be good or bad in proportion as you succeed in achieving it in your measure and in so far as you get beyond what is sensible and exterior and are able to apprehend the soundless inward grace of which the forms are the outward means and signs.

All this talk therefore about "great prose" and "style" and the rest of it would be without much objection if you felt sure that the critic knew what he was doing or what he was talking about. Unfortunately it is very clear that nine out of ten critics simply do not know. Most of them believe in a vague way that literature is made up of the things they are able to see or hear, that is of words, camouflaged as "great prose" or "marvelous style."

Now the simple truth is that there is no such thing as "beautiful style" and no such thing as "exquisite prose." Phrases like these may be used as short cuts in speech, but only on condition that both writer and reader understand perfectly what is meant, which is very rarely the case. Words, simply regarded as words, have simply no literary character whatever. They are only suitable or unsuitable. They are tools and tokens, and all the characteristics that are popularly supposed to belong to them, belong in fact to the thing they stand for, namely, the thoughts, and the objects the thoughts or references are about. We feel this even when we do not know it. The qualities of an author's mind and its expression are by-products and can never be regarded as ends in themselves. What would you feel about an author who said: "I am going to write a book of refined prose," or "I am going to knock this town cold with my unaffected or my noble or my majestic, simplicity." You would at once instinctively class him as a charlatan.

Words are not the material out of which literature is made. Literature is made of no material. It is an activity and only exists as an activity in a particular individual's mind. Literature does not exist outside the mind. The plays of Shakespeare do not exist in themselves. They are simply black marks which now and then are permitted to cause a slight irritation on the retina of a reader's eye, which irritation is followed by all sorts of emotional reverberations in the reader's consciousness.

This is being ruthlessly scientific and prosaic, but so to be is the critic's function, though he need not be prosaic or scientific in the expression of his criticism. If he is unable to go beneath the superficies of the work of art he is supposed to be judging, if he remains entangled in the exterior scaffolding, if he is preoccupied only with the verbal formulae and thinks that these are the essence of the work of art, then he simply does not know his job and has never learnt the rudiments of his craft.

# BOOKS

## CAMEL DRIVER OF MECCA

**MOHAMMED: A BIOGRAPHY.** By Essad Bey. Translated by H. L. Ripperger. Longmans, Green & Co. \$4  
THERE are many fine things in this biography, even though the story of Mohammed is not a microscopic study of the prophet from documented sources. The book makes no pretense of presenting a complete picture of the world into which Mohammed was born and in which Islam succeeded. But none the less we have an interestingly drawn portrait of the founder of a religion which has followers from Bengal to Gibraltar. There is an advantage in seeing the founder through the eastern eyes of a follower and an admirer. Even the translation, good throughout, has preserved much of the Arabic tone of the original. Altogether, the volume is well worth having on library shelves.

What will impress many westerners in the career of the prophet is the wayward morality of the founder of a religion. Fanaticism and the firm conviction that any means to the end were right are made to explain assassination, plundering, and wars. Again, the bland inconsistencies of the prophet's words, actions, and policies add to our puzzle why he succeeded. With Essad Bey we have to think repeatedly of the incredibly forceful personality of Mohammed and of the cruel measures which he did not hesitate to adopt to carry out his resolutions. The enigma of his success is somewhat cleared when we read of the rosy and sensuous heaven which the Prophet promised. But we do not find out why men swallowed these promises.

Was there a real faith and a firm conviction on the part of those who followed the leader? The reader will not be impressed with the fact that there was. The biography would have been more helpful had it given more information on the point. A code which so simplified religion and so widened the narrow road which leads to heaven had, it is clear, its appeal, but it seems to have stirred and satisfied a worldly rather than a religious instinct. Again, the biography has partly answered the question by pointing out that from the beginning race and religion tended to become more and more one thing. Born amid the clash of spears, propagated by wars, Islam eventually came out into a larger world and was carried forward on the spearpoints of the wild tribesmen of the desert. Many of the early conversions are described as having occurred at the sharp end of the sword. Not much space is given to the "miracles" of Mohammed, nor to their significance in the spread of the "true faith." The reader will possibly find the explanation of this in the fact that the author does not seem to believe in them.

The fuller story of the success of the Islam cannot be written until the Christian side of the history of the Arabian and Persian peoples has been more fully investigated. Mohammedanism was born and propagated at a time when the heresies of the fourth and fifth centuries had borne disastrous fruit, when the Byzantine power was in decline, and when Persia was persecuting the enfeebled churches of the east. Unknowingly the poor camelier of Mecca was sowing when conditions favored his harvest. His cry for a universal monotheistic faith was raised when many were wearied with controversies or too weak to resist simplification and easement of religious demands. The prophet adopted the aged trick of seeking the smallest common denominator, so that Jews and Christians alike could join him. And yet he who envisaged a universal faith left in reality one which is peculiarly Arabic. W. H. McGARRY, S.J.

## SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETATION

**SOME PROBLEMS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.** By J. E. Steinmuller. Bruce Publishing Co. \$2  
**GOSPEL LIGHT.** By George M. Lamsa. A. J. Holman Co. \$2.75

JUSTICE cannot be done to the value of the first book—a manual—in the present space. It is the first thorough English compendium of adequate replies to the popular objections occasioned by the difficulties of Old Testament interpretation. More than 500 passages receive attention, and not in the mere order of their Biblical sequence. The author classifies objections as far as possible under the different standards of knowledge to which they claim to appeal. Giving a section to each of these general norms of criticism, he first expounds those positive principles of interpretation which meet its demands, and then applies these in turn to the solution of each objection of the class in hand. He thus provides a guide to the positive science of Biblical interpretation in a form and order governed by practical needs. This is done with a simplicity and clearness adapted to the grasp of the average student. Each section has its own list of references to the best modern sources, and three good indexes cover the whole work. The print is attractive and the text conveniently divided. The wide field of knowledge utilized is not more striking than the pertinence of its selection and the invariable moderation with which all is discussed. If the author thus earns our confidence by evidence of mature scholarship, an even higher quality is his sincere and intelligent deference to the mind of the Church. One might rarely be inclined to a different solution by the apparent verdict of evidence, but never by the least solicitude for the integrity of Catholic standards as such.

As to slight errors in fact: Bishop Clifford was not an Anglican; Samuel was not a prophet of David's actual reign, and Jeroboam I was rather guilty of superstitious worship than of genuine idolatry. Among matters disputable, the site of the Cities of the Plain, while rightly placed to the north of the Dead Sea, need not have been identical with the Valley of Siddim. If *qidmath Asshur* in Genesis II, 14 affords "no certain argument for the site of the Asshur on the right bank of the Tigris," there is other reason for finding its site at Qalat Sherkat, which is so situated. The opinion that "the devil used the serpent because it was the craftiest and most subtle of animals" not only transfers to a class what is predicated of one individual (*hannahash*), but contradicts every herpetologist's experience of the stupidest and least sagacious order of vertebrates. It seems strange to say of Genesis VI-VIII that its writer is clearly "describing a universal deluge" when not one of his terms can be shown to have this unequivocal force in the Hebrew. As for Woolley's discovery of a diluvial stratum at Ur, Bea has shown that it does not prove an inundation of even considerable local extent, and thus affords no confirmation of the record of Genesis. On page 3 the expression "to follow popular tradition" appears, from a reference, to represent the Biblical Commission's phrase *tradere notitiam popularem*, whereas this means "to deliver a popular account" without reference to its source.

The chapter-heading, *Varieties of Literary Forms*, may seem but remotely pertinent to much of the matter assembled beneath it. However, the index of Scriptural passages enables the reader to find what he seeks without difficulty, and finding, he will not be disappointed in the thoroughness of its treatment. The special questions of man's origin and fall from grace, the extent of the



deluge, the confusion of tongues, the time of the Exodus, Josue's "long day," and others of their class, are well handled. There are helpful sections on the different periods of chronology, and a specially good one on Hammurabi and his code of laws. A separate chapter deals candidly and well with objections against the Old Testament on ethical grounds.

The book is a real and permanent treasure in the compass of a handy digest. It is unreservedly commended to all students of the Bible, but especially to directors of Evidence Guilds and others concerned in the defensive exposition of the Scriptures.

Mr. Lamsa, author of the second book, is an alumnus and advocate of an English mission to the misnamed "Assyrians." This disciple is greater than his masters. He can assimilate Anglican skepticism towards facts recorded in the Gospels without troubling himself to acquire its semi-erudite plausibility. While a scholar so profound as Dalman devotes a lifetime to recovering the Aramaic dialect of first-century Palestine, probably spoken by Christ, but preserved in no Christian writings, Mr. Lamsa hies him to renown by a shorter and easier route. He would open to us the Lord's very words from an ancient Aramaic manuscript which is neither ancient enough nor in the Aramaic of Palestine. Once more he has been guileless enough to photograph one of its pages, this time from the Gospel of St. John. He thus reveals a document written in the Eastern Aramaic (or Syriac) of Nestorian heretics, itself translated from a Greek source, and using a system of punctuation never invented before the fifth century. Not content with firing this blank cartridge, he selects a number of familiar expressions from the New Testament, and proceeds to interpret their genuine meaning, not by the one sound test of comparison with the known usage of Biblical times, but in the "light" of their twentieth-century values among his own provincials. The collective result of this happy method of out-Heroding Herod may doubtless be imagined, but no serious student would waste time or space in criticising such a production. It is enthusiastic nonsense from beginning to end.

WILLIAM H. MCCLELLAN, S.J.

## LOVE IN BLOOM

YOUNG LOVE. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50

THE author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* takes his harp in hand or his flute or his lute (something sweet and gentle) to play variations on the theme of young love. And he plays well. Each variation is a short story, and each short story is preceded by a problem or a moral, some sententious little thing that points the story, makes it just something more than a mere story, and links it with its fellows in the volume.

The stories are not new, nor are the characters. We have met the situations before, hundreds of times; and we are not asked to enjoy the thrill of first acquaintance with Don Juan and Innocence or with Pocahontas and John Smith or Priscilla and John Alden or with the bright young Communist who in her heart clings to what her lips deny or the Brooklyn-weary stenographer who follows the road of romance across the broad sea and back again—to Hoboken, of all places. They are what the author proclaims them to be, variations on an old theme. And, if the very variations are a bit shop-worn, the author's touch, as he plays upon them, is a happy blend of reverence and gentle irony, of mockery and wistfulness.

Each story is carefully wrought and is delicately done. There is something of the swift sureness of O. Henry in the deftness and universality of his characterizations. He knows the men and women who give life to his stories, he has sympathy for them in the fuller meaning of the word. And in the best of the stories, there is another note, harder to catch, yet wholly charming, as

though the author were artfully showing his uncertainty before something he appreciates and understands but hesitates to touch lest it vanish at the touch. Some of the finer and truer values of life are the more clearly portrayed from their being merely suggested. In a volume of short stories it is not to be expected that all the stories reach same level. We are led to surmise that more than one of the series was written with no thought of its immediate setting; and it was only later that the idea came to the author to link them together and evolve a theme that would flow through them and make them a whole.

JOHN P. DELANEY, S.J.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

AMERICAN ACRES. By Louise Redfield Peattie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50

ILLINOIS prairies are the background and love for the very soil of America is the theme of this well-wrought, mellow tale. For beauty and for strength it draws heavily upon a tall grove of trees which a pioneer long ago planted, and upon his spirit mysteriously surviving there.

In the portrayal of the characters, however, this American motif takes on a certain smugness. While all the Honeywell posterity are noble men and noble women, who ride horses well and passionately love the ancestral acres, the stock they marry into is nearly always represented as somehow tainted, rootless, giddy. Is that fair? In fact, when a Honeywell is on the way to marry his cousin, another Honeywell, the story has been told. The beauty of the ending will be largely lost on those who share the pioneers' belief that divorce is contrary to the law of God.

DANGER AT CLIFF HOUSE. By Cecil Freeman Gregg. Dial Press. \$2

GREATEST of surprises in this detective story is that the pitiable blundering of poor Inspector Higgins should ultimately stumble on the solution. A minor mystery might be how he ever became an inspector. For all that, he is an honest, humble, likable sort of fellow, and he does his best in a plot that must use such props as secret panels and underground passages and counterfeited money and insanity and a super-criminal—uncatchable, imperturbable, loyal, who "always pays his debts." That last phrase must be spoken in a tone of voice and with a glint in the eye to make its meaning clear. A very high recommendation of this story is that there is not even a hint of romance to complicate its structure. Were Inspector Higgins handicapped by love as well as stupidity, the story might have been stretched out through a few hundred more pages; and that would be a crime. Guaranteed not to cause a headache, even if read on a scenic railway.

THE DOVER TRAIN MYSTERY. By Anthony Gilbert. Dial Press. \$2

JACKET and title must belong to some other book. The jacket pictures the victim sitting at a train window with a gory blob on his temple. Actually he died by poison in a cheap hotel, and that is not giving the story away. In this matter of detective stories, is it not time for somebody to tell the authors that most readers know from the very first page that the adorable girl with whom the amateur sleuth falls in love cannot possibly have committed the murder? That would save authors the bother of throwing in false leads in her charming direction. This mystery flows along smoothly and interestingly enough, no better and no worse than hundreds of similar stories published day after day. It relies on drugs and poisons and skill at make-up; and eventually Scotland Yard and French Sûreté join with a lawyer in love to procure the triumph of justice. Very readable as one of the season's crop of mysteries.

---

## GLIMPSES

Naked against stark skies in cruel relief,  
How discern the Saviour; how, the thief?  
When He, the Sacrifice and Priest,  
Proclaims His oneness with the least.

The fretting clerk, the sailor strong and tanned;  
The doctor, butcher, those who idly stand  
And wait to serve—in all these know  
Divinity incognito!

In traffic, crowded shops, in swaying trains,  
Along the wharves, in bars, unlighted lanes,  
Or hurtling through the thundering sky,  
Jesus of Nazareth passes by!

The hectic, laughing woman of the street,  
With empty eyes, tired heart and homeless feet,  
Is exegesis of the sand  
Which bore the scripture of His Hand.

Shall Righteousness rend garment that I dare  
Expect to find the All-Present everywhere?  
When, turning from the files that pass,  
I see Him in my looking-glass?

WILLIAM DONAGHY, S.J.

## WILD ORCHID

It is as though some lightly-whispered word  
Fell, light as gossamer, into this bog,  
Took root within its earth and gently stirred  
To life, an orchid by a mossy log.  
It is as though a feather and a fern  
Met in the mystery of a woodland light,  
Kissed with the lightest touch of lips that yearn  
And bore this flower in their secret night.

It is as though some mist fell from the sky,  
Some tracery of Paradisal fields;  
Ah, that its beauty and all else must die,  
Borne back to earth on white and orange shields!  
Yet, when its petals droop and fall, its whole  
And visual scent shall linger in my soul.

NORBERT ENGELS

## NIGHT SHIFT

The car-wheels rumbled up to his shoulder  
and there he was in an open pit,  
his wide eyes, lifted above a boulder,  
staring at something far from it.

He was perched half-bent and one arm, hanging,  
groped for a shovel that was at his feet.  
The brazen horns and the streetcars' clanging  
hurled their echoes in the crowded street,

Yet he stooped there, gazing at the distant wonder.  
Faint grew Babel and the city's shout—  
he was, he was looking, from the pavement under,  
at the first clear stars that dusk put out.

Silence fell soft through the evening hours  
for one still moment of glimmering light  
and the town sat hushed on its wheels and towers  
while he leaned drinking the westering night.

Ah, but what thought from him went faring  
wordless, out to the starry place;  
what speech mysterious held him staring,  
clinging to beauty's secret face. . . .

Then the street roused up and the dream was shivered;  
the great tide thundered and night was big,  
the horns sang glory, the whole earth quivered  
and he reached the shovel and began to dig.

J. H. MCCABE

## TALITHA CUMI

Talitha cumi,  
Maiden, arise!  
Maiden, maiden,  
Open your eyes!  
Daughter of Jairus,  
Rise from the dead;  
Jesus is bending  
Over your bed.

Soon at the cistern  
Village girls  
Will shoulder their pitchers  
And tossing their curls  
Will turn at your coming  
And widen their eyes.  
Talitha cumi,  
Maiden, arise!

Bending, bending  
Over your head,  
Talitha cumi,  
Jesus said,  
Framed by the fringe  
Of your opening eyes—  
Talitha cumi,  
Damsel, arise!

ALFRED BARRETT, S.J.

## HOSPICE

Search not the roof-tree of this mind.  
The rough-hewn timber is severe  
And straight as candor.  
Do not come near  
Lest somehow it pang thee  
Or even hang thee.

Come to the dormer of this mind.  
Its ivory sill is warm with flowers  
As brave as laughter.  
Come in dark hours,  
And it may brighten thee  
And lighten thee.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY



# THEATER

---

LIKE a shy child, the new theatrical season, hung back coyly with its finger in its mouth till the last week of August. Then, quite appropriately, it came forward and made its little bow with a very youthful offering. The youthfulness of the offering was that of spirit rather than of workmanship, but it had its moments of "fallen archness," as some one else has expressed it. In the midst of its adolescent exuberance I had the depressing sensation I experience when my freshman ward and her college classmates are singing their pet song of the moment, which describes the sad experience of a certain Alice in the bath tub. Alice, it will be recalled by those who are now hearing this college classic all around them, was so thin that when the water went through the vent after the bath Alice went with it, "blub, blub, blub!"

There were intervals during *Spring Dance* when I was a bit afraid we would all run down the vent, playwright, company, and audience. I could almost hear the "blub, blub, blub!" But there were other moments, and plenty of them, when we were able to laugh together with joyous abandon; and on the whole, the new college play gives a pleasant evening to spectators not too exacting.

*Spring Dance* had its vicissitudes before it reached New York, and press representatives have been eagerly telling us about them. But I can not see that its experience differs much from that of most plays by beginners. It was written several years ago, it appears, by a Smith College girl, Eleanor Golden. Modest as well as clever, Eleanor was dissatisfied with her work. She asked a college chum, Eloise Barragon, to collaborate on a revision. Miss Barragon yielded to the lure of play-writing (and who wouldn't?) and the two re-wrote the play together. So far, so good—and one of the commonest of a young playwright's experiences. Then the authors submitted their work to various producers and their real troubles began—also a common experience.

I'm not saying the play was good when they offered it, for I do not know anything about that. It must have had something in it of special interest to the producers, and that something brought it into the office limelight. From this point, any amateur's play, however good it may be, brings pretty much the same experience to its authors. Everybody who reads it—and if it is a comedy with a new situation everybody in a producer's office seems to read it, from the first play-reader to the cleaning woman and the office boy—has criticisms to express and suggestions to make for "changes." The office atmosphere is filled with the slogan: "Plays are not written, they're re-written." The playwright, anxious to be open-minded, and deeply respectful of "the profession," tries to make most of the changes suggested. The next step is inevitable. After the play has been pretty thoroughly wrecked, the producer becomes discouraged and calls in an experienced playwright.

The experienced playwright goes at the job with the profound conviction that the play is piffle. It usually is, of course, by the time he reads it. In any case, he re-writes the whole thing, perhaps even lightly tossing in a plot of his own that he has not known what to do with. The comedy is then produced under his name, with a modest line of acknowledgment to the original author hidden somewhere on the program. If the offering succeeds, he is given all the credit. If it fails he escapes criticism on the theory that he had a hopeless task in the beginning. In either case he gets at least half the royalties, if there are any.

I am not saying that all this happened to *Spring Dance* but the chances are that most of it did. Philip Barry was called in to "save the play," and the result of his efforts is on the stage of the Empire Theater, or was as I wrote these lines. Jed Harris, the producer, and an astute judge of plays, is said to be convinced that the

youth of his players, its college setting, and its love theme, will carry it to success.

Now, neither college settings nor love themes can be considered new play material. Neither can the persistent pursuit of male by female be considered new; nor Mr. Barry's sympathetic assumption that no man has a chance of escape if a determined woman really goes after him. We all admit the truth of that premise. Alex Benson, heroine of *Spring Dance*, goes after her man as ruthlessly as innumerable other heroines of other comedies have gone after their men. The difference—and oh, the difference to Alex and the doomed young man—is that her entire college class, so to speak, goes after him with her. The unfortunate Sam Thatcher, hero of *Spring Dance*, is pursued by a pack, every girl in the pack an altruist rooting for Alex and working toward young Sam's capture, so that Alex may be happy ever after.

This is quite an idea, for it shows a spirit of youthful unselfishness that is certainly new though it may not be recognized by college faculties. Incidentally, it gives Mr. Barry a chance to write a lot of the clever comedy lines and wisecracks that are his specialty, and to develop some situations that are really amusing. As I have said, Alice and the vent recur to the mind at times, but not too often.

The acting of Louise Platt, as Alex, is fair, though she is not the type for the role. That of Richard Kendrick, as the luckless Sam Thatcher, is all it should be. Naturally girl gets boy at the finish and all the characters are happy as the final curtain falls.

Mr. Barry's most serious mistake (and I'm sure it is his, for the original authors would know better) lies in making his college seniors too young. Most college seniors are twenty-one or twenty-two, and the several hundred of them I imagine I know are fairly well informed and intelligent young persons. Most freshmen are not, and throughout the progress of *Spring Dance* I had the feeling that all the characters were freshmen, and that the immaturity of some of them was a bit overdone, even for freshmen.

Even the title of *Spring Dance* was changed in those early days of writing and re-writing, and this time for the better. *Spring Dance* is certainly an improvement on *Extracurriculum*—the play's first title, which means little or nothing to the average playgoer. That, by the way, is a characteristic of recent play titles. They carry no idea of what the play is about. One has to go to *Idiot's Delight* to learn that idiot's delight is war. One had to be familiar with aviation terms to know what *Ceiling Zero* meant; and one—or at least the one who is writing these lines, never, never learned what Owen Davis meant by the title of his play, *Too Many Boats*. There was not a boat in that play! This year we have *And Stars Remain*. What does that mean to Jimmy and Molly, eating peanuts in the balcony, or to Frederick and Genevieve, eating chocolate creams in the orchestra? They would not be able to eat anything, anywhere in the theater, if they knew what the plot of another vaguely named new play this autumn may suggest, *Daughter of Atreus*. For Atreus, as I recall him, was the classic gentleman who invited his enemy to dinner and then gave him the flesh of his own (the enemy's) children to eat! Jimmy and Molly and Frederick and Genevieve will wander into the theater imagining that Atreus is a kind Park Avenue parent.

But we need not go so far afield as Atreus to find in comprehensible titles. Consider two more of the on-comers: *Night Must Fall* and *As You Were*. And some of last season's inspirations: *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Squaring the Circle*, *Russet Mantle*. It is very puzzling, especially for those who cannot always get in their daily reading!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

## FILMS

**THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN.** In making his writing debut before the bourgeoisie which is the solid support of motion pictures, the much-publicized Clifford Odets has managed to set aside his proletarian urges long enough to give us an exciting and unbelievable melodrama. The film has been done with speed and intensity and is replete with the righteous hero, the fair intriguer and the overly sinister villain in the person of a Chinese war lord. Now, granting that war lords can at times make themselves extremely disagreeable, the Oriental in this case would make Fu Manchu of diabolical repute resemble your placid laundryman. And yet, his very excesses are fascinating and impressive.

The story concerns the adventures of an American with a gun in one hand and democratic broadsides in the other who is assigned the task of conveying a war fund to the leader of a peasant revolt in Shanghai. He is speedily duped by a hireling of the Chinese tyrant whose daughter is also a tool, but against her will. Thus romance enters the young idealist's life and his entrusted treasure leaves it. Startling and rather too frequent changes of the "upper hand" follow until the monster is stabbed in a general scuffle and, one presumes, China is made safe for democracy. Needless to say, there is some talk about the deplorable condition of the lowly and the oppressed but the hero's plea for the democratic system is as American as George M. Cohan and the Fourth of July. Whether or not he has streamlined his lugubrious philosophy for just this once, Mr. Odets has put wheels on his soap box and takes us for a thoroughly entertaining spin. The performances of Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll are well turned and Akim Tamiroff, as the menace, is suitably terrifying. As a matter of fact, the latter's violent antics place the film in the adult bracket. Children would find little sense in it anyway. (Paramount)

**THREE MARRIED MEN.** This is the story, told simply if not with great conviction, of the baneful influence of possessive "in-laws." It aims at being a pleasant little comedy rather than a tract on domestic society and, with that good intention in its favor, one must not reprove it too harshly for being funny only part of the time. It seems that the Careys have been feuding for many years with the Mullins family when suddenly Jenny Mullins decides to marry Peter Carey, considering that, perhaps, a form of revenge as good as another. However, since the marriage is contracted with the family chip still resting on their respective shoulders, they quarrel immediately after the ceremony and go their separate ways. But they are reunited as the happy disposition of the scenario writer asserts itself in a luxuriantly sentimental finish. (Paramount)

**HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD.** An older generation of movie-goers, which is afflicted by nostalgic pangs at the mere mention of a faded star, may find this film of absorbing interest. It returns many haunting faces to the talking screen for a brief moment of recognition and then pushes them firmly back into the shadows of memory. Although I am not unduly sentimental, I find this wholesale rattling of bones and parading of Hollywood casualties not an exhilarating spectacle. Of the many oldsters herein glimpsed, among them Maurice Costello, Charles Ray, Francis X. Bushman, Bryant Washburn, Mae Marsh and Pat O'Malley, few were granted the slight grace of a dignified swan song. In the story proper, just such a falling star writes his memoirs and stirs a picture colony scandal. The tale is rather depressing in the main. John Halliday has the lead and does admirably by it. This is also for the adult list. (Paramount)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

## EVENTS

ON the heels of the newly invented mechanical cotton picker, rapid developments in other fields churned the social scene.... A discovery bristling with sociological implications came out of the West. A doctor found that appendicitis is often caused by fear of mothers-in-law. Removal of the mother-in-law frequently makes removal of the appendix unnecessary, experiments proved.... The American Chemical Society convention revolutionized the technique of orange-squeezing. Vitamin C had been dripping prodigally away.... A new way of burglarizing hotel guests was given its first try out in a Chicago hostelry. A guest saw a parade of well-drilled burglars holding maneuvers in his room. They came in waves. The first wave washed away his money, the second his jewelry, the third mopped up the trivia. Elated, sponsors of the new technique predicted it would become popular in urban centers.... Pushing on through indescribable difficulties, statisticians finally succeeded in counting the number of gravy and egg spots on clothes throughout the country. During three holiday seasons last year, gravy spattered down, spotted coats and vests 4,785,000 times.... In crowded New York an autoist died while driving, slumped over the wheel. The car moved slowly until it brushed a taxi when the dead man's foot began to press hard on the gas. Then the auto tore wildly through traffic, killed pedestrians, crashed into store windows.... Imagine many cars in New York with corpses at the wheel, dead men's feet crushing down the gas.... There are Governments in Europe like that. With men spiritually dead, men utterly irresponsible, at the wheel.... Nations are beginning to skid, whirl crazily about.... Perhaps there will be a crash.... The League against War and Fascism, is it not completely controlled by Communists?... How about a new league—the League against War and Fascism and Communism?... The medieval spirit, much-maligned, is needed today to combat the mental slavery imposed by totalitarian states, Professor Gilson pointed out. Medieval universalism taught spiritual realities which judged the state, freed citizens from its oppression.... Negroes in Africa did not yearn to be slaves.... Many Americans yearn to be mental peons under a totalitarian state.... Dr. Clark L. Hull, of Yale University, president of the American Psychological Association, expressed doubt concerning the existence of a spiritual mind. In an endeavor to show that human behavior can be duplicated, he demonstrated electrical machines. One machine, he averred, was taught to remember, to forget, to extinguish its responses.... Can Dr. Hull make machines that will go into the library, do research work there, write books providing that Dr. Hull is not their maker.... The way alleged scientists are striving to deny their Maker.... Can he make machines that will refuse to react to external physical forces?... Machines to manifest spiritual love, perform acts of charity?....

Lord Moynihan, founder of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society, died in England. During life he could not be made to see that murder of incurables is murder. Now he sees.... If he could come back, he would march into the English Parliament, denounce the very legislation he sponsored.... He would try to dissolve the Voluntary Euthanasia League. If people could only come back many errors would be corrected.... If Marx and Engels and Lenin were given another chance.... They might, considering what they know now, become priests.... Father Marx burning his book *Das Kapital*.... Father Marx on a soap-box in Union Square urging bewildered Communists to join the Catholic Church.... Father Lenin meeting Joe Stalin, saying: "The Catholic Church is right after all, Joe. Religion is not the opium of the people. We had it all backwards. Communism is the opium."...

THE PARADER